THE

Baſhful MAID

A new Song

HE.

WEll met, pretty maid,
Nay don't be afraid,
I mean you no miſchief I vow:
Pſhaw! what is it you ail?
Come give me your pail,
And I'll carry it up to your cow.

SHE.

Pray let it alone,
I have hands of my own,
Nor need yours to help me—forbear!
How can you perſiſt,
I won't ſir, be kiſt,
Nor teaz'd thus—go trifle elſewhere.

HE.

In yon lonely grove,
I ſaw an alcove,
All round the ſweet violets ſpring:
And there was a Thruſh,
Hard by a buſh,
'Twould charm you to hear how he ſings.

SHE.

But hark! prithee hark!
Look yonder's a Lark,
It warbles and pleaſes me ſo;
To hear the ſweet tale
Of the ſweet Nightingale,
I would not be tempted to go.

HE.

Then here we'll ſit down,
Come, come, never frown,
No longer my bliſs I'll retard;
Kind Venus ſhall ſpread,
Her vail over our head,
And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.